

tendents, take a holiday in the country. They generally go to the Duke of Argyll's park at Inverary—his grace being the Honorary President of the Society. It was on one of such occasions that we became acquainted with the noble work done by the institution. Though it still preserves the name of the Foundry Boys' Society, its uses have been extended, until it has become a society for all classes of working boys and girls. The good which it has already done is inexpressible. Would that every city had an institution of a similar kind! As yet it has only been imitated in Scotland—in Greenock, Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen. What of Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, and the densely-populated manufacturing towns of the north of England? Similar institutions in those places would prove of immense value.

CHAPTER XI.

PHILANTHROPY.

Sis amicus Dei, fide, spe, et opere.

MICHAEL SCOTT.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

SHAKESPEARE.

O brother, fainting on your road!
 Poor sister, whom the righteous shun,
 There comes for you, ere life and strength be done,
 An arm to bear your load. *The Ode of Life.*

Many groans arise from dying men which we hear not. Many cries are uttered by widows and fatherless children which reach not our ears. Many cheeks are wet with tears, and faces sad with unutterable grief which we see not. Cruel tyranny is encouraged. The hands of robbers are strengthened, and thousands are kept in helpless slavery, who never injured us.—JOHN WOOLMAN (Quaker), 1775.

MEN are very slow to give up their faith in physical force, as necessary for the guidance, correction, and discipline of others. Force is a very palpable thing, and dispenses with all inquiry into causes and effects. It is the short way of settling matters, without any weighing of arguments. It is the summary logic of the barbarians, among whom the best man is he who strikes the heaviest blow or takes the surest aim.

Even civilized nations have been very slow to abandon their faith in force. Until very recent times, men of honor, who chanced to fall out, settled their quarrels by the duel; and governments, almost without exception, resort to arms to settle their quarrels as to territory or international arrangements. Indeed, we have been so

trained and educated into a belief in the efficacy of force—war has become so identified in history with honor, glory, and all sorts of high-sounding names—that we can scarcely imagine it possible that the framework of society could be held together, were the practice of force discarded, and that of love, benevolence, and justice substituted in its place.

And yet doubts are widely entertained as to the efficacy of the policy of force. It is suspected that force begets more resistance than it is worth, and that if men are put down by violent methods, a spirit of rebellion is created, which breaks out from time to time in violent deeds, in hatred, in vice, and in crime. Such, indeed, has been the issue of the policy of force in all countries and in all times. The history of the world is, to a great extent, the history of the failure of physical force.

Are we growing wiser? Do we begin to see that if we would make men better and happier we must resort to a greater and more beneficent force—the force of gentleness? Such methods of treating human beings have never in any case produced resistance or rebellion; have never made them worse, but in all cases made them better. Love is a constraining power; it elevates and civilizes all who come under its influence. It indicates faith in man, and without faith in man's better nature no methods of treatment will avail in improving him. Kindness draws out the better part of every nature—disarming resistance, dissipating angry passions, and melting the hardest heart. It overcomes evil, and strengthens good. Extend the principle to nations, and it still applies. It has already banished feuds between clans, between provinces; let it have free play, and war between nations will also cease. Though the idea may seem Utopian now, future generations will come to regard war as a crime too horrible to be perpetrated.

"Love," says Emerson, "would put a new face on this weary old world, in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long; and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies and navies, and lines of defence, would be superseded

by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go; will accomplish that, by imperceptible methods—being its own fulcrum, lever and power—which force could never achieve. Have you not seen in the woods, in a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom, a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly, by its constant, bold, and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust on its head? This is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society, in application to great interests, is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried, in illustrious instances, with signal success. This great, overgrown, dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive, at least, the name of a lover of mankind. But one day all men will be lovers, and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine."

The principal of force has, in times past, been dismally employed in the treatment of lunatics, lepers, galley slaves, and criminals. Lunatics were chained and put in cages like wild beasts. The lepers were banished from the towns, and made to live in some remote quarter, away from human beings—though themselves human.* The galley

* The following touching passage was written by the late poet Heine—the last words he ever wrote for publication: "In the year 1480, says the *Limburg Chronicle*, everybody was piping and singing lays more lovely and delightful than any which had ever yet been known in German lands, and all people, young and old, the women especially, went quite mad about them, so that their melody was heard from morning to night. Only, the *Chronicle* adds, the author of these songs was a young clerk, afflicted with leprosy, who lived alone in a desolate place hidden from all the world. You doubtless know, dear reader, what a fearful malady this leprosy was in the Middle Ages, and how the poor wretches who fell under this incurable sickness were banished from all society, and allowed to come near no human being. Like living corpses they wandered forth, closely wrapped from head to foot, their hood drawn over their face, and carrying in their hand a rattle called the Lazarus rattle, with which they gave notice of their approach, that every one might get betimes out of their way. This poor clerk, then, whose fame as a

slaves were made to tug at the oar until they expired in misery. Criminals were crowded together without regard to age or sex, until the prisons of Europe became the very sink of iniquity. Some four hundred years ago criminals were given over to be vivisected alive by the surgeons of Florence and Pisa. Their place has now been taken by dumb brutes.

St. Vincent de Paul was a philanthropist of the highest order. He was the son of a farmer in Languedoc. His father educated him for the ministry, selling the oxen from the plough to provide for his college expenses. A small legacy was left him by a friend at Marseilles, and he went thither by sea to receive it. He returned home by sea, and the ship by which he sailed was captured, after a sharp engagement, by three African corsairs. During the fight Vincent was severely wounded by an arrow. The crew and passengers were put in chains, Vincent among them. He was taken to Tunis and made a galley slave. Being unfit for sea work, and constantly sick, he was sold to a Moorish physician. At the end of a year his master died, and he was sold again to a farmer, who was a native of Nice. Vincent reconverted his master to Christianity, and they resolved to escape together. They put to sea in a small bark, and landed at Aigues Mortes, in the south of France.

Shortly after, St. Vincent de Paul entered a brotherhood at Rome, whose office it was to wait on the sick in hospitals. He next removed to Paris, where he carried on the same work. He then became a tutor in the family of the Count de Joigni, who was Inspector of the *Galeres* or Hulks. There the young priest saw terrible sights—men chained to

poet and singer the Limburg *Chronicle* extols, was just such a leper, and he sat desolate in the dreary waste of his misery, while all Germany, joyous and tuneful, sang and piped his lays. . . . Ofttimes in my sombre visions of the night I think I see before me the poor clerk of the Limburg *Chronicle*, my brother in Apollo, and his sad suffering eyes stare strangely at me from under his hood; but at the same moment he seems to vanish, and dying away in the distance, like the echo of a dream, I hear the jarring creak of the Lazarus rattle."

the oar, and toiling like African slaves. He devoted himself to their help with such effect that Louis XIII., hearing of his doings, made him Almoner-General to the Galleys. On one occasion he actually changed places with a miserable outcast. The prisoner went free, while Vincent wore his chain, and did the convict's work. He lived on convict fare, and lived in convict society. He was soon sought out and released; but the hurts he had received from the convict's chain lasted all his life. He was replaced in his position; and worked on in holy ardor. He won many of the convicts back to penitence; and by his strong representations improved both the prisons and the galleys.

The rest of his life is well known. He returned to Paris and established the order of the Sisters of Mercy, thus giving a noble scope for the charity and benevolence of women. These Sisters of Mercy have been the prime workers in every charitable task in France and elsewhere—nursing the sick, teaching the young, and attending deserted children—ever foremost in every good work. Remembering his captivity, he devoted himself to raising money for redeeming the African captives. He was thus the means of ransoming no less than twelve hundred slaves. The deeds of the corsairs were finally put an end to by the combined fleets of France and England, in 1816, when the old den of pirates was razed at Algiers.

We hear of the dungeons and chains in the castles of chivalry; but what tales of misery and cruelty are unfolded before the legal tribunals of the moderns! Search the annals of the poor in our great cities, and how often will you have to say with Jeremy Taylor, "This is an uncharitableness next to the cruelties of savages, and an infinite distance from the mercies of Jesus!"

The benevolent spirit of John Howard was first directed to the reform of prisons by a personal adventure of a seemingly accidental nature. He was on a voyage to Portugal at a time when Lisbon was an object of painful interest—still smoking in ruins from the effects of the memorable earthquake. He had not proceeded far on his voyage when the packet in which he had embarked was captured by a

French privateer. He was treated with great cruelty. He was allowed no food or water for forty-eight hours; and after landing at Brest he was imprisoned in the castle with the rest of the captives. They were cast into a filthy dungeon, and were kept for a considerable time longer without food. At length a joint of mutton was flung into the den, which the unhappy men were forced to tear in pieces, and gnaw like wild beasts. The prisoners experienced the same cruel treatment for a week, and were compelled to lie on the floor of the horrible dungeon, with nothing but straw to shelter them from the noxious and pestilential damps of the place.

Howard was at last set at liberty, and returned to England; but he gave himself no rest until he had succeeded in liberating many of his fellow-prisoners. He then opened a correspondence with English prisoners in other jails and fortresses on the Continent; and found that sufferings as bad, or even greater than his own, were the common lot of the captives.

Shortly after his attention was called to the state of English prisons, in the course of his duties as High Sheriff of the county of Bedford. This office is usually an honorary one, leading merely to a little pomp and vain show. But with Howard it was different. To be appointed to an office was with him to incur the obligation to fulfil its duties. He sat in court and listened attentively to the proceedings. When the trials were over he visited the prison in which the criminals were confined. There he became acquainted with the shameful and brutal treatment of malefactors. The sight that met his eyes in prison revealed to him the nature of his future life-mission.

The prisons of England, as well as of other countries, were then in a frightful state. The prisoners were neither separated nor classified. The comparatively innocent and the abominably guilty were herded together; so that common jails became the hotbeds of crime. The hungry man who stole a loaf of bread found himself in contact with the burglar or the murderer. The debtor and the forger—the petty thief and the cut-throat—the dishonest girl and the

prostitute—were all mixed up together. Swearing, cursing, and blaspheming pervaded the jail. Religious worship was unknown. The place was made over to Beelzebub. The devil was king.

Howard thus simply tells his impressions as to the treatment of prisoners: "Some who by the verdict of juries were declared not guilty—some on whom the grand jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to a trial—and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them—after having been confined for months, were dragged back to jail, and locked up again until they should pay sundry fees to the jailer, the clerk of assize, and such like." He also remarked that the "hard-hearted creditors," who sometimes threatened their debtors that they should *rot in jail*, had indeed a very truthful significance; for that in jail men really did rot—literally sinking and festering from filth and malaria. Howard estimated that, numerous as were the lives sacrificed on the gallows, quite as many fell victims to cold and damp, disease and hunger.

The jailers' salaries were not paid by the public, but by the discharged innocents. Howard pleaded with the justices of the peace that a salary should be paid to the jailer. He was asked for a precedent. He said he should find one. He mounted his horse, and rode throughout the country for the precedent. He visited county jails far and near. He did not find a precedent for the payment of a salary to the jailer, but he found an amount of wretchedness and misery prevailing among the prisoners, which determined him to devote himself to the reformation of the jails of England and of the world.

At Gloucester he found the castle in the most horrible condition. The castle had become the jail. It had a common court for all the prisoners, male and female. The debtors' ward had no windows. The night room for men felons was close and dark. A fever had prevailed in the jail, which carried off many of the prisoners. The keeper had no salary. The debtors had no allowance of food. In the episcopal city of Ely the accommodation was no better. To prevent the prisoners' escape they were chained on their

backs to the floor. Several bars of iron were placed over them, and an iron collar covered with spikes was fastened round their necks. At Norwich the cells were built under ground, and the prisoners were given an allowance of straw, which cost a guinea a year. The jailer not only had no salary, but he paid £40 a year to the under-sheriff for his situation! He made his income by extortion.

Howard went on from place to place, inspired by his noble mission. The idea of ameliorating the condition of prisoners engrossed his whole thoughts, and possessed him like a passion. No toil, nor danger, nor bodily suffering could turn him from the great object of his life. He went from one end of England to the other, in order to drag forth to the light the disgusting mysteries of the British prison-houses. In many cases he gave freedom to such as were confined for some petty debt, and to many others who were utterly guiltless of crime. Upon the conclusion of his survey the House of Commons resolved itself into a committee, in order to ascertain the actual state of the case. He appeared before it, laden with his notes. In the course of the inquiry a member, surprised at the extent and minuteness of his information, inquired at whose expense he had travelled. Howard was almost choked before he could reply.

The thanks of the Legislature were given him at the close of his evidence. They followed in the track which he had pointed out. Bills were passed in 1774—the year after he had begun his work—abolishing all fees, providing salaries for the jailers, and ordering all prisoners to be discharged immediately upon acquittal. It was also directed that all jails should be cleansed, whitewashed, and ventilated; that infirmaries should be erected for the healing and maintenance of prisoners; and that proper jails should be built. Howard was confined to his bed while the bills passed; but so soon as he had recovered from the illness and fatigue to which his self-imposed labors had subjected him, he rose again, and revisited the jails, for the purpose of ascertaining that the Acts were duly carried out.

Having exhausted England, Howard proceeded into

Scotland and Ireland, and inspected the jails in those countries. He found them equally horrible, and published the results of his inquiries with equal success. Then he proceeded to the Continent, to inquire into the prison accommodation there. At Paris the gates of the Bastille were closed against him; but as respects the other French prisons, though they were bad enough, they were far superior to those of England. When it was ascertained that Howard was making inquiries about the Bastille, an order was issued for his imprisonment, but he escaped in time. He revenged himself by publishing an account of the state prison, translated from a work recently published, which he obtained after great difficulty and trouble.

Howard travelled onward to Belgium, Holland and Germany. He made notes everywhere, and obtained a large amount of information—the result of enormous labor. After returning to England, to see that the work of prison reform had taken root, he proceeded to Switzerland on the same errand of love. He there found the science of prison discipline revealed. The prisoners were made to work, not only for their own benefit, but to diminish the taxes levied for the maintenance of prisons.

After three years of indefatigable work, during which he travelled more than thirteen thousand miles, Howard published his great work on “The State of Prisons.” It was received with great sensation. He was again examined by the House of Commons as to the further measures required for the reformation of prisoners. He recommended houses of correction. He had observed one at Amsterdam, which he thought might be taken as a model.

He again proceeded thither to ascertain its method of working. From Holland he went to Prussia; crossed Silesia, through the opposing ranks of the armies of Austria and Prussia. He spent some time at Vienna, and proceeded to Italy. At Rome he applied for admission to the dungeons of the Inquisition. But, as at the Bastille in France, the gates of the Inquisition were closed against him. All others were opened. He returned home through France, having travelled four thousand six hundred miles during this tour,

Wherever he went he was received with joy. The blessings of the imprisoned followed him. He distributed charity with an open hand. But he did more. He opened the eyes of the thoughtful and the charitable of all countries to the importance of prison reform.

He never rested. He again visited the prisons in Great Britain, travelling nearly seven thousand miles. He found that his previous efforts had done some good. The flagrant abuses which he had before observed had been removed; and the jails were cleaner, healthier, and more orderly. He made another foreign tour to amplify his knowledge. He had visited the jails of the southern countries of Europe. He now resolved to visit those of Russia. He entered Petersburg alone and on foot. The police discovered him, and he was invited to visit the Empress Catherine at Court. He respectfully informed her Majesty that he had come to Russia to visit the dungeons of the captives and the abodes of the wretched, not the palaces and courts of kings and queens.

Armed with power, he went to see the infliction of the knout. A man and woman were brought out. The man received sixty strokes, and the woman twenty-five. "I saw the woman," says Howard, "in a very weak condition some days after, but could not find the man any more." Determined to ascertain what had become of him, Howard visited the executioner. "Can you," he said, "inflict the knout so as to occasion death in a very short time?" "Yes!" "In how short a time?" "In a day or two." "Have you ever so inflicted it?" "I have!" "Have you lately?" "Yes! the last man who was punished by my hand with the knout died of the punishment." "In what manner do you thus render it mortal?" "By one or two strokes on the sides, which carry off large pieces of flesh." "Do you receive orders thus to inflict the punishment?" "I do!" Thus the boast of Russia that capital punishments had been abolished throughout the empire was effectually exposed.

He wrote from Moscow that "no less than seventy thousand recruits for the army and navy have died in the Russian hospitals during a single year." Now, Howard was an

accurate man, incapable of saying anything but the truth; and, therefore, this horrible fact cannot but heighten our detestation both of war and of despotism. From Russia he travelled home by way of Poland, Prussia, Hanover, and the Austrian Netherlands. In 1783 he travelled for the same purpose through Spain and Portugal. He published the results of his travels in a second appendix to his great work.

Twelve years had now passed since Howard had given himself up to the absorbing pursuit of his life. He had travelled upward of forty-two thousand miles in visiting the jails of the chief towns and cities of Europe; and he had expended upward of £30,000 in relieving the prisoners, the sick, and the friendless. He had not, however, finished his work. He determined to visit the countries where the plague prevailed, in order, if possible, to discover a remedy for this frightful disease. His object was to go, in the first place, to Marseilles, through France.

In November, 1785, he set out for Paris. The French, remembering his pamphlet on the Bastille, prohibited him from appearing on the soil of France. He disguised himself, and entered Paris. During the same night in which he arrived he was roused from his bed by the police. A lucky thought enabled him to dispose of them for a few minutes, during which he rose, dressed himself, escaped from the house, and was forthwith on his way to Marseilles. He there obtained admission to the Lazaretto, and obtained the information which he required.

He sailed for Smyrna, where the plague was raging. From thence the resolute philanthropist sailed to the Adriatic by an infected vessel, in order that he might be subjected to the strictest quarantine. He took the fever, and lay in quarantine for forty days—suffering fearfully, without help, alone in his misery. At length he recovered, and made his way home to England. He visited his country estate, provided for the poor of the neighborhood, and parted from his humble friends as a father from his children.

He had one more journey to make. It was his last. His intention was to extend his inquiries on the subject of the plague. In 1789 he proceeded through Holland, Ger-

many, and Russia, and intending to go to Turkey, Egypt, and the States of Barbary. But he was only able to travel as far as Kherson, in Russian Tartary. There, as usual, he visited the prisoners, and caught the jail fever. Alone, amid strangers, he sickened and died in his sixty-fourth year. To one who was by his bedside, he marked a spot in a churchyard in Dauphiny, where he wished to be buried. "Lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

But the noble Howard will not be forgotten so long as the memory of man lasts. He was the benefactor of the most miserable of men. He thought nothing of himself, but only of those who without him would have been friendless and unhelped. In his own time he achieved a remarkable degree of success. But his influence did not die with him, for it has continued to influence not only the legislation of England, but of all civilized nations, down to the present time.

Burke thus described him: "He visited all Europe to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend the neglected; to visit the forsaken; to compare and collect the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It is a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity; and already the benefit of his labor is felt more or less in every country.

From the time of Howard the treatment of prisoners has been greatly improved. At first it was only benevolent persons who aimed at their improvement, such as Sarah Martin, Mrs. Fry, and other kindred spirits. Sydney Smith mentions that on one occasion he requested permission to accompany Mrs Fry to Newgate. He was so moved by the sight that he wept like a child. Referring to the subject afterward, in a sermon, he said, "There is a spectacle which this town now exhibits that I will venture to call the most solemn, the most Christian, the most affecting

which any human being ever witnessed. To see that holy woman in the midst of the wretched prisoners; to see them all calling earnestly upon God, soothed by her voice, animated by her look, clinging to the hem of her garment, and worshipping her as the only being who has ever loved them, or taught them, or noticed them, or spoken to them of God! This is the sight that breaks down the pageant of the world; which tells them that the short hour of life is passing away, and that we must prepare by some good deeds to meet God; that it is time to give, to pray, to comfort; to go, like this blessed woman, and do the work of our heavenly Savior, Jesus, among the guilty, among the broken-hearted and the sick, and to labor in the deepest and the darkest wretchedness of life."

Mrs. Fry succeeded, by her persevering efforts, in effecting a complete reformation in the state of the prison, and in the conduct of the female prisoners; insomuch that the grand jury, in their report made to the Old Bailey, after their visit to Newgate in 1818, state, "that if the principles which govern her regulations were adopted toward the males as well as the females, it would be the means of converting a prison into a school of reform; and instead of sending criminals back into the world hardened in vice and depravity, they would be repentant, and probably become useful members of society."

Mrs. Tatnall also, a woman less known than Mrs. Fry, devoted herself to the reformation and improvement of the prisoners in Warwick jail, of which her husband was governor. Many a criminal was brought back by her from the ways of vice to those of virtue and industry. Boys and girls, being younger in iniquity, were the especial subjects of her care. She was almost invariably successful in her efforts to restore them to society.

But individual help could do but little in improving or reclaiming the mass of prisoners. It was only by the help of the Legislature that so large a question could be treated. One of the chief objects of legislation is to prevent crime by removing the inducements to commit it; and the main object of prison discipline is to reform the moral condi-